

The history

heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the rest are his sonnes. *Jupiter* quoth shee, which of these heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hel.en* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught that it past.

Cres. So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Wel cozen I tould you a thing yetterday, think on't.

Cres. So I doe.

Pan. Ile be sworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.

Sound a retreat.

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his tears an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward Ilion, good Neece do, sweete Neece *Cresseida*.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may see most brauely, ile tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the rest. *Enter Aeneas.*

Cres. Speake not so lowde.

Pan. Thats *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you shal see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. Thats *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th soundest iudgements in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person, when comes *Troylus*, ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at mee.

Cres. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shall see:

Cres. If he do the ritch shall haue more. *Enter Hector.*

Pan. Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, theres a fellow goe thy way *Hector*, ther's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*, looke how hee lookes; theres a countenance, ist not a braue man?

Cres. O a braue man.

of *Troylus* and *Cressida*

Pan. Is a not? it dooes a man h
hacks are on his helmet, looke yo
you there, theres no iesting, theres l
as they say, there be hacks.

Cres. Be thofe with swords.

Enter

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares
him, its all one, by Gods lid it do
der comes *Paris*, yonder come
Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist
who said he came hurt home to d
will do *Hellen*s heart good now l
lus now, you shall see *Troylus* and

Cres. Whose that?

Enter H

Pan. Thats *Helenus*, I maruell
lennus, I thinke he went not forth

Cres. Can *Helenus* fight vncler?

Pan. *Helenus* no: yes heele fig
where *Troylus* is; harke doe yo
Troylus? *Helenus* is a priest;

Cres. What sneaking fellow co

Enter Tr

Panda: Where? yonder? tha
theres a man Neece, hem? b
chualric.

Cres. Peace for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, note him: C
vpon him Neece, looke you how
his helme more hackt then *Helt*
how hee goes? O admirable yo
twenty, go thy way *Troylus*, go
grace, or a daughter a Goddesse
O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris*
Hellen to change would giue a

Cres. Here comes more.

P. Asses, fooles, doults, chaff &
after meate, I could iue and di

Pan: